Gob. Be Gods ſonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*, marke mee nowe, now will I raiſe the vvaters; talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Maſter ſir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to live.

Launc. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your vvorſhips friend and *Launcelet* ſir.

Launc. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you, talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet?*

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant ſhall pleaſe your worſhip.

Launc. Ergo, Maſter *Launcelet*, talke not of Maſter *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Deſtenies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the Siſters three, and ſuch branches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Launc. Doe I looke like a cudgell, or a hovell poſt, a ſtaffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father?

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy, God reſt his ſoule, alive or dead.

Launc. Doe you not know me Father?

Gob. Alack ſir I am Sand-blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing of me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. VVell, old man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mans Sonne may, but in the ende, truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand up, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Launce. Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee

mee your bleſſing: I am *Lau*
that is, your childe that ſhall
Gob. I cannot thinke you
Launc. I know not what
Launcelet the Iewes man, and
mother.
Gob. Her name is *Marge*
Launcelet, thou art mine ow
might he be, what a beard ha
on thy chinne, then Dobbin
Launc. It ſhould ſeeme t
ward. I am ſure he had more
face when I laſt ſaw him.
Gob. Lord how art thou
ſter agree, I have brought hi
Launc. Well, well, but fo
reſt to run away, ſo I will no
my Maſter's a very Iewe, giv
am famiſht in his ſervice. Y
my ribs: Father I am glad yo
one Maſter *Baſſanio*, who in
ſerve not him, I will runne as
fortune, here comes the man
ſerve the Iewe any longer.
Enter Baſſanio w
Baſ. You may doe ſo, but
dy at the fartheſt by fiue of th
put the Liveries to making, a
my lodging.
Launc. To him Father.
Gob. God bleſſe your wo
Baſſ. Gramercie, wouldſt
Gob. Heere's my Sonne ſi
Launc. Not a poore boy ſ
ſir, as my Father ſhall ſpecifie
Gob. He hath a great infe
Laun. Indeede the ſhort
have a deſire as my Father ſh

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch